

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.
 Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.
 FRANK J. CHENEY
 Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1919.
 (Seal) A. W. Glasgow, Notary Public.
 HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is the blood internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Druggists, etc. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

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Hard Wood
 and make your
 coal last longer.
SMITH'S
Coal & Wood Yard

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Some good bargains in
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 High Quality Materials;
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HOUSES

You can keep warm and comfortable in a Togan House—more heat with less fuel because they're better built.

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For each man and woman, friend and neighbor I'm A. Live Wire, the labor saver.
 I'm the snappy full of pep chap who lifts the gloom from homes that needed to get acquainted with the wonderful blessing known as electricity. I light up your rooms and halls, sweep your carpets and run your sewing machines, heat your homes and light up everybody's pathway in life.

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SEVENTY-FIVE AND BOARD

By M. P. MERRYMAN

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Yellow October sunlight poured through the west windows of the library. Myriad dust particles floated along the slanting sun paths that slid abruptly into shadow at the table's edge. The assistant professor of biology sat hunched over a book that lay upon the table before him, but he was not concentrating, at least not upon the text. With a thump of his fist that set the book jumping he raised his head and looked about the big, quiet room.

The assistant professor took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes and stretched. Then he shoved his hands into his pockets, lifted back in his chair and surveyed the shelves of dog-eared volumes opposite him. It gave him an immense satisfaction, this bare, low-vaulted room with its brown walls and solid, brown tables and its rows and rows of books.

The assistant professor pulled out a crumpled bit of paper from his pocket and smoothed it out upon the book, after which he continued to regard it with an expression of ironical amusement. It was a check made out to him for the amount of twelve dollars and fifty cents; a sum he had received in payment of a scientific article which it had taken him two months to write. It was a good article, too, but according to more than one editor "not sufficiently popular in tone."

He had been trying to make a decision. This last contemplation of the scrap of paper in his hand had served to topple the scales. He closed the book with a bang, uncrossed his long legs, rose from the table and ambled down the aisle to the door. Outside he stood for an instant blinking in the strong light. When he closed his eyes they still registered printed book pages. With something of the feeling of a stranger he turned and scuffed along the leaf-strewn path to the lake. Now that there was no longer any doubt about his departure the intimate landscape seemed all at once unfamiliar and different. He felt already detached from it—and sorry.

The moment the tip of her canoe veered round a bend in the shore line he recognized it and whistled. The assistant professor of English whistled her answer and waved an undignified paddle in greeting as her small craft slipped into sight.

"Want to come?" she called, invitingly.

"Sure."

"All right! Climb in!"

The canoe nosed landward and slushed into the sand. With a lunge which shot the boat into deeper water and himself miraculously into the boat, the new passenger embarked and took charge of the paddle.

"Where to?" he asked.

"Oh, anywhere," she replied and smiled at him.

He selected the most distant spot on the lake, laid the paddle across the canoe and rested his elbows on it.

"Takes longer this way," he explained.

She laughed and leaned sideways to watch a swirl of red and yellow leaves that went scudding along the surface of the water like a fleet of toy sail-boats. The red of her tam-o'-shanter, however, held more fascination for him. At length the leaves whirled out of sight and she settled back in her seat to feast her eyes upon lake and trees and sky.

"I'm so sorry for all the folks who live in cities," she said.

"Why?"

She looked up inquiringly at the question. He had snapped it out so abruptly it puzzled her a little. He had begun paddling, too, furiously.

"Why?" she repeated. "Why, because they miss all this!" She waved a brown arm toward the rustling woods that shadowed them. "Wouldn't you hate to miss it?" she queried. The blade in his hand cut a long swath before he answered.

"I expect to miss it—after next Sunday," he said.

"You—you mean—?" Her question hung unfinished.

"Yes, I'm going away—to the city," he said dryly with a pucker of his mouth as if even the taste of the words was bitter to him.

"Oh!" She bit her lips and tried to go on speaking naturally, but her brain appeared to be turning a somersault—and no words came.

"Yes," he went on dutifully. "I'm going away. Decker has a fellow here now who can take my place. They've given me these last two days till college opens to decide. Well, I've made up my mind. I'm going to the city to live in a hall bedroom and work in an office—and sell rubber. I'll loathe selling rubber, but I've got to stick to it till I can make a decent enough living to ask a decent girl to marry me. I'd rather stay here and go on with my work than anything else on earth, but I'll be hanged if I'll ask my wife to wear second-hand clothes all her life or wear 'em myself. This digging along forever on seventy-five a month and board is getting my goat. Today this came. It was the last straw." He drew his offending check from his pocket and flipped it into her lap. She read it and met his eyes when she had finished. "I—I don't know that I blame you much," she said.

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each waiting for the other to speak. When she had made up her mind that he never expected to open his mouth again, she gave in. "And—how does—the girl—feel about it?" she inquired. "That would make—some difference—of course." Hours passed for her before he replied.

"I haven't asked her—yet," he said hesitatingly.

With a little shiver of relief she sank back in her seat and caught back the smile in her eyes so that he might not see. He went on blustering, man-fashion.

"It isn't unreasonable, is it, to want enough to live on decently? I'm not aspiring to plumbers' wages, you know, or anything like that; but hang it, even a teacher's got to live."

She began speaking then and her voice grew softer and fuller as she went on. "I know," she replied. "It's unfair and it probably will be for a long time to come, but you can't have everything, you know, Bob. You have the work you like best in all the world. Not many men can say that."

"I know all that," he said, shaking his head in reply. "I've talked that way to myself, too, but all the same steam-heated apartments in town rent for \$50 a month."

"So you have been house hunting?"

He had not even the grace to blush. "Sure!" he exclaimed. "Why shouldn't I? Even a poor devil of a pedagogue can look, can't he?"

She leaned forward, her eyes dancing, but for the moment she felt a little like his mother, nevertheless.

"Boy," she explained slowly and emphatically, "when you're a school-teacher you don't rent a steam-heated apartment in town; you get a cottage in the country and buy a good second-hand stove. For that matter, all the furniture is second-hand but you needn't look like that—it's nice! You buy a few pieces at a time and put on three coats of paint and then you enamel it and if you want to you paint little flowers—"

He could not wait for her to finish. "And for an engagement ring?" he jeered. "You buy some pretty little thing at the five and ten."

She shook her head defiantly till the red tassel bobbed. "No, you don't! You hunt up that lovely old auctioneer of your mother's that you once shoved to—to me."

He was still stubborn and unconvinced. "And then," he demanded, "when the house is rented and furnished and—everything—who pays the bills?"

Her patience reached its limit. "Can't you figure out anything for yourself?" she demanded angrily. "Some land goes with the cottage of course; enough to raise garden truck for the family, and besides that you do whatever you can. Raise chickens or rabbits or bees or thoroughbred dogs or mushrooms or anything that sells—how can I tell exactly? Personally, I've made several hundred dollars writing 'Shenker's' stories. Maybe you—your wife could do something like that—after the dishes."

The assistant professor of biology began to believe he had died and gone to heaven. He felt as if he were floating on balloons that bore him higher and higher, yet strangely did not break. The prospect of remaining at his work made him giddy enough, but added to that the idea of wife and home was still beyond his rapidly expanding imagination.

"No you—do you suppose—it could be done?" he demanded, and tried to swallow. The red mouth beneath the red tam-o'-shanter was quivering, but the round little chin was firm. "Of course it could," she said.

"God!" murmured the assistant professor of biology fervently. "I—I almost believe it could, too! And you don't believe I'd be a low-down end for asking the best little girl in the world to marry me and live like that?" His hands moved forward, eagerly awaiting the touch of the two steady ones that slipped into his own, while the paddle, unnoticed, slid into the water and floated away.

"I—I'm sure you wouldn't," she answered. "If—if you mean—me?"

Move After Death in Family.

Of the inherited roving spirit of the old people of Davos and their belief that the death of a member of the family is indicative of the will of Allah for them to change their homes the bureau of forestry says:

"When someone dies in the house built on the land or homestead given to the head of a family, the entire family will move to some other place and in most cases the house is either burned or torn down and the land on which it was built is abandoned for some years. A wild bird of the pigeon family, locally known as allumkun, is the common god or fortune teller of the wild people of Davos. Unless this bird answers favorably to their supplications to go back to the old place, their old abode or abodes are either forever abandoned or left untouched for many years."

Children at Play.

You have but to go abroad for half an hour in pleasant weather, or to throw upon your doors and windows on a Saturday afternoon, if you live anywhere in the neighborhood of a school house, or a vacant lot with here and there a patch of green or a dry place on it, and seal behind the curtains, or draw the blinds and let the fresh winds blow through and through the chambers of your heart for a few minutes, winnowing the dust and scattering the cobwebs that have gathered there while you were asleep, and to you will find it ringing with the voices of children at play, and all alive with the glimmering phantasies of a happy, free, person, base, or knock-up and catch—John Nott.

Children at Play.

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A PHYSICIAN SAYS

That San Yak is the Most Efficient—Does Not Wear Out in Treating the Kidneys, Poor Blood, Rheumatism and Renewing the Body.

McBrides, Mich., July 7, 1919.

Burnham Medical Co.

Gentlemen:

San Yak will do all you claim—it is a fine medicine for anemia of the blood and has cured cases of rheumatism of long standing. When one doctor's the kidneys he is renewing the whole body. One can always depend on San Yak.

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) L. P. Bailey, M. D.

J. P. White, ex-chief of police of Marion, Ind., and recently proprietor of the Hotel DeSoto, states as follows:

"San-Yak, yes, I know that medicine. I used four bottles while I was in Benton Harbor, Mich. I was subject to short breath, heart, kidney, bladder and liver troubles; bad blood. I am pleased to have an opportunity to recommend San Yak to my friends. It is a wonderful medicine and its claims are true. Yours with pleasure."

"J. B. White."

A dollar laid out to aid health is not an expenditure but a loan, which will be returned a hundred fold.

Mrs. F. E. Hildebrand, 889 Cottage Ave., Wabash, Ind.:

"The doctors said I had Bright's disease, and high blood pressure of 186. I was sick and dizzy, stiff and clumsy in my muscles. I was so weak I could scarcely walk. My daughter heard of San-Yak and sent me a bottle five years ago, and before the first bottle was gone I was feeling fine. San-Yak has cured me, and for the benefit of others you are welcome to the use of this letter."

Sold by Chas. Murphy's Pharmacy, Alma, Mich.—Adv.

New Spring and Summer Hats

I have put in a line of new pattern hats for Spring and Summer wear. Before you buy your new Easter hat, come and see what I have in that line.

I will also do sewing.

Mrs. W. E. McFarland

129 S. Court St., Alma, Michigan

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Service Day and Night

We also run a first-class sale and exchange stable.

Truck hauling a specialty.

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I have opened a

New Shoe Shop

in the Dr. Suydam building south of the Alma City Laundry. Prices will be greatly reduced after January 1st. The only place you can get hand turned work done.

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Look Paterson Say

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The Recreation Shop

HARRY ROWE, Proprietor

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Buckeye Milk	12 1/2c
A & P Jelly Powder	10c
Old Dutch Cleanser	8c
A & P Catsup, large	25c
Sugar Cured Bacon, lb.	32c
Lard, pure (the best)	24c
Shaker's Salt	10c

Rose Bath Soap,	6 for 25c
Wheat Farina,	20c
Gold Medal Flour,"	\$1.80
Shredded Wheat,	12c
Nutto Oleomargarine	33c
Pink Salmon	22c
Pure Jams	27c

TEA

Our Teas are the finest obtainable. Imported direct from the plantations in Japan, India and Ceylon, lb.

45c

Fels Naptha.....	7 1/2c
Galvanic Soap.....	6c
Kirk's Flake.....	6 1/2c
A & P Soap Flakes.....	5c
Baking Soda.....	3c
Lux.....	11c
A & P Pancake Flour.....	12c
Campbell's Soups.....	12c

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U. S. Grain Corp. Flour, 1-8 bbl. sacks.....	\$1.46
Grape Juice.....	30c
Aunt Jemima's Pancake and Buckwheat Flour.....	14c
A & P Pork and Beans, No. 3.....	18c
Picnic Hams.....	25c
Gold Dust, large package.....	28c

WE CAN SAVE YOU 30 PER CENT

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